

## Home Circle.

## "GOOD NIGHT—I'M TIRED."

JAMES BUCKHAM.

My little girl, at grandmamma's,  
One summer to the dusty town  
Was wont to send, each night afresh,  
A childish letter posting down,  
'Twas brimming full of brooks and fields,  
And all the joy the country yields,  
But soon the writer's lids would fall,  
And then would come a straggling scrawl,  
"Good night—I'm tired."

Dear little one!—so thoughtful she  
To share her pleasures pure and sweet,  
To make each day, so glad to her,  
In wider blessing more complete.  
What though the weary pen would lag,  
And sleepy thoughts at snail's pace drag?  
Until she could no longer write,  
She spared the crooked words, "Good night,  
Good night—I'm tired."

Sweet heart! To higher uses called,  
She passed from us. And when the sun  
Was setting of her little day,  
And heaven's dawning had begun,  
In restful peace she turned her eyes  
To the blue fleece-besprinkled skies,  
And whispered as she passed away,  
"It has been such a happy day!  
Good night—I'm tired."

—Harper's Bazar.

## BENNIE'S BILL.

Bennie got the idea from his father, who was a business man. He often went down town to his father's office, and noticed how the clerk made out bills. When his new idea struck him he was looking over a bill something like this:

To 1 writing desk	\$10.00
To 3 bookshelves	12.00
To 1 revolving bookcase	9.00
To 4 chairs	25.00
Total	\$50.00

It was such a bright idea that flashed into Bennie's mind that he actually burst out into a laugh, causing the clerk to look up at him in surprise.

"What's so funny?" asked the clerk.

"O, it's a secret," replied Bennie, drawing himself up as if to hold the secret tightly in his bosom.

In the evening when he got home he went to the library with his brother, and they were busy writing for some time. It took them a good while to get the document into proper form, but at last it was done, and he folded it and carried it down stairs to his mother. On opening it she read the following with some surprise:

IN ACCOUNT WITH BENNIE TRAVERS.

MAY 15, 1895.

Mrs Mary S. Travers, Schooldale, O.

Dr.

To going down town for groceries	\$0.10
To sweeping kitchen,	.05
To raking yard,	.25

To dusting carpet,	.30
To running errand to Mr. Good's,	.15
To 3 times going to papa's office,	.45
To 4 washing dishing,	.40
To sundries, etc.,	1.00

Total \$2 70  
Kindly remit.

When his mamma had read the bill she looked at Bennie with laughing eyes. "So you have presented your bill, have you?" she said. "Well, I can't settle it this evening, but tomorrow I will make it all right."

"That'll do, mamma," answered the lad. "Business men want prompt settlement, you know."

"Yes, Bennie, I know; that is the only proper way to do business. Never let debts run on."

After breakfast next morning Bennie glanced at his mamma with an expectant look. She took a slip of paper from her purse, and without saying a word handed it to him. What did this mean? This was no money; it was only a piece of neatly folded paper. There was a lump in his throat. He hurried into the sitting room where he could be alone while he examined the paper. His face grew red as a cherry when he opened it and saw that it was not money, but another bill which ran as follows:

IN ACCOUNT WITH PAPA AND MAMMA

MAY 16, 1895.

Master Bennie Travers, Schooldale, O.

Dr.

To board for 1 week, 21 meals,	\$2.10
To mending frock and stockings,	.50
To schoolbooks, slates, etc.,	1.40
To brushing hair seven mornings,	.21
To new coat and hat,	6.00
To waiting on Bennie 1 night when sick,	.50
To doctor's bill for Bennie,	2.00
To 1 concert ticket,	.25
To 1 supper at church,	.25

Total, \$13.21  
By bill of May 15, 2.70

Balance due \$10.51  
Kindly remit.

You should have seen Bennie's face after he read this bill. Some tears welled up his eyes and then stole down his hot cheeks. It was half an hour before he could trust himself to go out to the dining room and speak to his mother; but when he did go there was a new light in his eyes. "Mamma," he cried, "I can't pay this bill now. I—I—"

"Isn't 'prompt settlement' the motto of business men?" asked his mamma, smiling.

"Yes, it is; but they can't pay when they haven't anything to pay with. Mamma, I'm bankrupt," he broke out. "Ain't that what they call it when a man can't

pay? I can never settle for what I owe you; and the debt'll just keep on getting larger and larger all the time. What shall I do?" Bennie was almost sobbing.

"No, no, Bennie, dear," soothed his mamma; you don't owe me anything. You are a kind, obedient boy, and that settles the whole account."

"Well, then, you don't owe me anything either. I'll receipt my bill if you'll receipt yours."

To this mamma agreed heartily, and on each bill "received payment in full" was written.

"Now we won't make out any more bills against each other, will we, mamma?" suggested Bennie. "We don't want business ways in the family."

"That's right, Bennie. But here is a dollar all your own—"

"O mamma, I can't take it if it's meant for pay."

"No; it is a gift of love."

"Then I'll take it. Thank you, mamma."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

## STRUGGLING UP TO GOD.

To get safe through tomorrow? No, no, no! To be blessed by God—to know Him and what He is—that is the battle of Jacob's soul from sunset till the dawn of day. And this is our struggle—the struggle. \* \* \* Out of our frail and yet sublime humanity the demand that rises in the earthlier hours of our religion may be this: "Save my soul;" but in the most unearthly moments it is this: "Tell me Thy name." We move through a world of mystery, and the deepest question is, What is the being that is ever near, sometimes felt, never seen; that which has haunted us from childhood with a dream of something surpassingly fair, which has never yet been realized; that which sweeps through the soul at times as a desolation, like the blast from the wings of the angel of death, leaving us stricken and silent in our loneliness; that which has touched us in our tenderest point, and the flesh has quivered with agony, and our mortal affections have shriveled up with pain; that which comes to us in aspirations of nobleness? Shall we say, It or He? What is It? Who is He? Those anticipations of immortality and God, what are they? \* \* \* Shall I call them God, Father, Spirit, Love? A living being within me or outside me? Tell me Thy name, Thou awful mystery of loveliness! This is the struggle of all earnest life.—*From Select Thoughts, by F. W. Robertson.*

An enemy treated as a friend will soon become a friend.